

Religious Intelligencer.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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EXPLORING TOUR.

During the last Spring and Summer, the Rev. Salmon Giddings of St. Louis, went on an exploring tour among the Western Indians, under the patronage of the United Foreign Missionary Society. He "visited several tribes and selected a site for an extensive missionary establishment, in the vicinity of Council Bluffs." The American Missionary Register contains a part of his journal, from which we have made the following selections, which we shall continue in a future number. They will be read with interest, as they contain considerable information respecting the country in which he travelled, and also concerning the manners and opinions of the tribes which inhabit it.

April 22, 1822.—I had previously made an agreement with Major O'Fallon, the Indian agent for that part of the country, to travel in company with him from Chariton, where I was to meet him. I set out early, that I might have time to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper and other ordinances in the Presbyterian church in that part of our newly settled country; and nothing peculiarly interesting occurred.

May 15.—We left Chariton, after procuring provisions for our journey, and rode to Grand River, a distance of 25 miles. We travelled through the Missouri bottom. The soil is rich, and the settlements extend about 12 miles from Chariton. There is a ferry and a cabin at the mouth of Grand River. Here we were detained one day, waiting for the express from Chariton to the Council Bluffs, who was to accompany us.

May 17.—We crossed Grand River, which is 175 yards wide, and which empties into the Missouri from the North West. We rode about 10 miles through the rich bottom of the Missouri and Grand River, where we saw thousands of acres of land, on which the timber had been principally killed by fire within the last year, and thousand of acres which had, within a few years, been converted into a prairie by the same cause. We crossed a creek, which was very difficult on account of the mud and quicksand, and then entered a rolling prairie, skirted, and in some places nearly intersected by timber. The bottom of Grand river was on our right, and distant from one to three miles. Experienced a heavy shower during the night.

May 18.—About 9 o'clock we entered

the bottom of Grand River, and came to a creek about 40 yards wide, and very, high. We swam our horses across, then swam ourselves, and rafted over our baggage. About one o'clock, we arrived at the west fork of Grand River, which is about 75 yards wide and fordable most of the year, but had risen at least 15 feet within the last 24 hours, and was filled with flood wood. There we found a canoe which had been commenced and abandoned about a year before. We undertook to finish the canoe, and by 4 o'clock launched it, and began to carry over our horses, which landed safe, after struggling long in the mud on the opposite bank. About 50 rods from the main stream there was a slough, across which we directed a soldier and a black man to drive the horses, as we had landed our baggage below the mouth of it. The servant belonging to Major O'Fallon, in imprudently attempting to ride one of the horses through the slough, was unfortunately drowned. No person that could swim was present, until he was sinking to rise no more.

May 19.—Spent the morning in examining the creek to find the body of the drowned man, but without effect. We set out on our journey about 12 o'clock, and continued for about twelve miles through the bottom of Grand River.—Found two creeks, which our horses swam, and over which we felled trees, on which we carried our baggage. The bottom is partly prairie, and partly timbered, but generally wet, and very rich. The soil of the upland is of an excellent quality, and its surface gently rolling. Quarries of lime stone are to be seen in many places, and the country appears to be well watered.

May 20.—Crossed several large creeks, which had fallen so much that they could be forded. We again crossed, at evening, the West fork of Grand River, called here the Turkey fork. It is about 50 yards wide, and very rapid. The country becomes more broken, and the hills more abrupt. On our right, for a great distance, could be seen a finely timbered country lying on Grand River. Experienced a heavy rain during the night.

May 21.—Crossed several large creeks which were very high, and which we were obliged to swim. We encamped on the banks of the Little Platt, which empties into the Missouri a few miles above Fort

Osage. The land is generally rolling, with a rich soil, and timbered on the water courses, and in some places for miles on the highlands; but the timber is principally small. Thousands of acres of timber, near our road this day, have been destroyed by fire within two or three years' and about the same quantity growing up in other places. No stone or rocks were seen.

May 23.—Rode through a most beautiful country, of a rich soil, but entirely destitute of timber, except in some places on the water course. When on the high land, as far as the eye could extend in all directions, there was not even a bush to be seen, and the country resembled a vast plain. We had to swim two creeks in the course of the day.

May 24.—This morning, soon after we commenced our journey, a heavy rain commenced, with thunder and lightning, and a heavy wind from the North, which continued through the day. At times the snow and hail were severe.

May 25.—Proceeded on our journey saw many elk, wolves, and deer, and swam two creeks. The country becomes more rolling, and the hills more abrupt, but continues destitute of timber.

Arrival at Council Bluffs.

Sabbath, May 26.—This day we arrived at the Council Bluffs, much fatigued with our journey.

May 27.—Find myself still much wearied. I have great cause for thankfulness, that the most high God hath preserved my life and health through so many dangers. The whole distance from this place to the ferry on Grand River is 237 miles. The course is East 39° S. for the distance of 152 miles, then E. 55° S. to the mouth of Grand River.

The Fort is situated in Lat. $42^{\circ} 31'$ N. on the Bluffs, about 140 feet above the river. From the fort you have an extensive view of the river for many miles above and below. A second bluff appears on the West, at the distance of about half a mile, between which and the fort there is a most beautiful level, of a rich soil, extending about three miles North and South. The interval on the Missouri opposite the Council Bluffs, is about five miles wide, and continues about the same width for many miles below; but as you ascend the river, the vale widens for about ten miles, when it is about 12 miles wide. There are many lakes and ponds which contain, during the summer, an abundant supply of wild fowl and fish. Near the garrison there are about 500 acres of land under cultiva-

tion, and worked by the soldiers. Heavy rains fall almost every day, and the low land on the streams through the whole country is inundated. Spent the week in exploring the country in the vicinity of the garrison and in collecting information concerning the Indians. Those who were at Washington last winter, returned in health, much pleased with their journey. On *Saturday* I was informed that the presents for the Indians would not arrive before the 25th of June.

Sabbath, June 2.—Preached to-day in the garrison.

Visit to the Trading House.

June 3.—Rode to the trading house of the Missouri Fur Company, which is situated on the Missouri, about 4 miles below the garrison by land, and about 13 by water. Here I learned that the Indian tribes in this vicinity were much in want of provision, in consequence of their not finding any buffaloe during the winter; and that several lodges of the Seux Nation had perished with hunger. I also learned that the Indians, unless they should hear of the arrival of their presents before the 20th of the month, would leave their villages for their summer hunt, and not return until the 1st of September.

Remarks on the climate.

June 6.—Heavy rains still continue. I have learned, from good authority, and from men who have long been acquainted with the country, that in this climate, the weather, in March, April, and the first part of May, is invariably dry. Very little rain falls, and the streams are only swelled at times by the melting of the snow. About the Middle of May, the rains commence gently, and in a few days become very violent. They seldom, however, continue more than 12 hours before they are succeeded by about twenty-four of fair weather. This alteration, in nearly the same proportion, continues until about the 10th of June. Heavy showers are frequent until some time in July, and less frequent and lighter showers till some time in August. The rain then ceases, and very little again falls until the next May. There is but little snow, and the winter is generally dry. I apprehend a philosophical reason may be assigned for the peculiarity of the seasons in this country. On the Rocky Mountains, which commence at the distance of from 500 to 700 miles to the W. and N. W. the snow falls in vast quantities, and on the highest parts continues through the year. In that latitude, and on such high

land, the sun produces but little effect, until the middle of April, when the snow begins to melt. The melting increases during the months of May and June. Immense quantities of vapour, continually produced, are wafted to the E. S. E. by the cold winds which are constantly blowing towards the warmer regions. This vapour collects, and becoming condensed, falls in copious showers and heavy rains which are experienced during the wet season. Towards the latter part of June, the evaporation begins to diminish; the snow in the lower country being all dissolved, and none remaining but on the highest mountains by the first of August. As the sun begins to decline, congelation commences on the mountains, the moisture is absorbed from the atmosphere, and no vapour is carried to distant regions by the winds, which now become dry. May not the same cause produce the periodical wet and dry seasons in the vicinity of the Cordilleras through North and South America.

Otto tribe.

June 2.—Heard that the Otto tribe of Indians were within 12 miles of the garrison, returning from a hunting expedition. I went to see them on the 10th, but found that their chief was not in the company. Several of the Indians, who had considerable influence, I found favourably inclined towards the object of my mission.

June 12.—I set out, accompanied by Mr. Rogers, my interpreter, and one of those who was with the Indians at Washington, and with two soldiers furnished by Colonel Leavenworth. We rode about 20 miles to Elkhorn River, which was so high as to overflow all the valley adjoining, and was impassable. Our course was W. 15° S. through a rolling prairie, destitute of timber, except on the river. The soil is generally good; but there is no stone, and but little gravel to be seen. The soil, through the whole course of my journey, has been a sandy loam. We were obliged to wade two creeks, and carry over our baggage, as the water was about 4½ feet deep, and the banks lined with mud and quicksand, and very steep. We were frequently obliged to cut grass and weeds, and make a kind of bridge, from the water's edge to a considerable distance up the bank, to prevent our horses from miring. What I mention here is characteristic of all the streams through the country where I have travelled. We encamped for the night, and experienced a heavy shower. I determined to visit the Mahaw village first,

as I could not proceed on the trace to the Pawnee village.

June 13.—We commenced our journey, and proceeded nearly a North course for about ten miles, then for twenty-five miles about N. W. but made many crooks and turns on account of the high waters. We crossed, by wading, three large water courses; but where we crossed our horses they could not be forded. At evening, we arrived at a large branch of the Elkhorn, entering it from the N., and about 30 yards wide, with a rapid current—a heavy shower in the night.

14.—After examining the stream for many miles up, we concluded to pass it opposite our encampment. It here overflowed its banks, for about 40 rods, in the narrowest place we could find. For this distance the water was from one to 4½ feet deep. For miles there was no timber to be seen on this stream. We formed a canoe of an elk skin, which contained half our baggage. After swimming our horses over, we swam and pushed our canoe before us, and then returned, and brought the second load. We encamped this night about eight miles north of the old Mahaw village. I saw many elk, and in one drove counted seventy. Saw several antelopes, or mountain goats. They are of the same colour as the deer, but resemble the common goat in shape. They are much the fleetest animal in this country. In size, they are between the common goat and a large deer.

Village of barking squirrels.

We passed a village of barking squirrels, or prairie dogs. They have the appearance of the gray squirrel in colour and shape, but are three times as large. Their noise exactly resembles that of the smaller kind of dogs. They burrow in the earth, and are never seen far from their habitation. They live on grass and herbage; and not a spear of grass is suffered to grow within the bounds of their village. On the first appearance of danger, they flee to the mouth of their burrow, and when it comes near, they enter, and can rarely be driven out by smoke or water. Thousands dwell in the same village, forming a little community. Their burrows are from ten to twenty feet apart, with a mound of dirt at the entrance, of from one to two feet in height, which serves as a watch tower. On the approach of danger, they raise an incessant barking. We were much annoyed during the night by the barking of these animals.

From the Boston Recorder.

PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACTS, AS TO THE FUNDS OF THE NEW ENGLAND TRACT SOCIETY.

The sixty Original Donors to this Society gave, in 1814,	\$3,771
From the formation of the Society to the commencement of Rev. Louis Dwight's Agency, Oct. 1819, the donations to the Society were not far from	250
From Oct. 1819, to May 1, 1821,	4,136
From May 1821, to October 1822, donations were about \$150, besides \$820, constituting forty-one life-members,	970
The donations since Oct. 1822, have been about	700
The whole amount of funds committed to the New-England Tract Society in eight years and a half, is therefore about	\$9,828
From this sum large deductions must be made.	

Most of the liberal original donations (the average of which is \$62 to each donor) were made with the expectation of receiving three quarters of the amount in Tracts at cost; and Tracts have been delivered, to the amount of near *two thirds* of their donations.

Of donations since made, Tracts have been returned to the Donors to the amount of near *one-fifth*, though we are happy to say, that most of later Donors have generously suffered their subscriptions to be added, entire, to the permanent fund.

Granting then, that the receipts for Tracts sold, are equal to the whole expense of the establishment—which, considering the number of Agents employed in the various Depositories, their distance from the General Agents, and the uncertainty of all human affairs, is hardly probable—the *real operative funds of this Society are not far from \$6,500.*

And what has the Society accomplished with this sum?

It has published with \$6,500, **THREE MILLIONS OF TRACTS**, containing 40,000,000 pages, which at the rate of *ten pages for a cent*, amount to \$40,000. And with the same means, it may continue to publish and circulate about an equal amount, once in eight years and a half, from age to age.

In view of these facts, Mr. Editor, I am willing to submit it to your readers to decide on the justness of the following suggestions.

1. The charities of the benevolent are employed in no way, in which equal funds accomplish greater good.

\$6,500 circulates, in eight years and a half, *3 millions of Tracts*,—one of which has been the evident means of the conversion of *four in one family*, and of *three profane men* in another family: another of which Tracts has been instrumental in the conversion of eight; another of twelve; another of thirteen; and many of these, persons who were out of the way of all other means of grace. But I shall not attempt here to delineate the blessed effects of this Society, in promoting the interests of morality and religion, and in saving immortal souls. They are too well known to make it necessary, and too numerous to render it possible, now to mention them.

No one, to use the language of the seventh Report, "can contemplate the ease and effect with which this Society may speak at the same time to millions; the great amount of good which may be done by small means; the ease and effect with which it may assist all other benevolent societies; its permanency, its adaptedness, with present means for perpetual operation: and above all, the approbation of God which it has received—without expecting, when he stands on Mount Zion, to see the multitude which no man can number, vastly augmented through its instrumentality," and feeling that it is a most powerful engine in promoting the cause of Christ.

Nor is it any disparagement to Missionary, Bible, and Education Societies, that so much good is effected by Tracts. Every Tract which is the means of turning a sinner unto God, but adds another hearty friend to all these Institutions.

2. *This Society has a claim on the Christian public for far more liberal aid.*

The donations to the London Tract Society for the year ending May 1821, were more than \$10,000, more than this Society has received since its formation. And why is there not as much need of Tracts in the United States, as in Great Britain.

Take another fact. The donations to benevolent societies in our country the last year, were between *two and three hundred thousand dollars*, of which this Society received less than *one thousand*. The donations the last year, to the American Board for Foreign Missions were \$59,000; to the American Bible Society \$38,000; to the American Education Society \$17,000; to the New England Tract Society, *in one year and five months, only \$970!* And yet there are constant and urgent calls for Tracts, which the Society cannot answer. Nearly twenty of its Tracts are out of print; and it is involved in a debt of many hundred dollars. Besides this, it has now,

ready for publication, a number of new *Tracts*, which it would gladly put to press, if it had the means.

I leave it, Sir to your readers to determine, whether the facts above stated do not support my second position.

3. My next remark is, that it is desirable that the donations to this Society should be *unconditional*.

It is desirable for two important reasons, which it is hoped will be duly weighed. The *first* is that the wants of the Society require it, except in special cases. If, for example, a minister is made a *life member* by a donation of \$20, and receiving \$15 in *Tracts* at cost, he is indeed doing great good; but he puts only \$5, into the funds of the Society. *Three hundred life members*, thus constituted, would give the Society only \$1500, with which to supply the ten millions of our own country and the millions in other parts of America. This \$1500 would put *Tracts* to the amount of only \$750 in the General Depository, and of only \$8, in each of the 92 Depositories now established. Whereas, instead of *Tracts* to the amount of \$8, there *should* be in each Depository, *Tracts* to the amount of at least \$100—and the number of Depositories should be greatly increased, and the General Depository be large enough to supply them all. Granting that \$30,000 is the sum now needed by the Society, *a sum less by one fourth, than the annual receipts of the London Society*, it would take 6,000 *life members*, each really contributing only \$5, to give that sum to the fund; and it would require a Report of 60 pages octavo, to publish their names.

The *other* reason why donations should be unconditional, is, that *Tracts* circulated through the medium of an Auxiliary Society, are more useful than when gratuitously distributed. Not that a minister may not with *great advantage* in his pastoral visits, distribute *Tracts* adapted to the peculiar circumstances of his parishoners—or a school-teacher, to his pupils as a reward of merit—or a benevolent individual, on a thousand other occasions. But if a minister is made a *life member*, it is better that ninety individuals in his parish, should become members of an Auxiliary Society, each paying twenty-five cents, and receiving 166 pages of *Tracts*, than that the minister should distribute \$15 worth gratuitously. The member *values* those *Tracts* for which he has paid by his subscription more highly than if they cost him nothing; reads them more attentively; and preserves them more carefully. And instead of the *pain* of reflecting, that he is

supplied by the bounty of others, he has the *pleasure* of having himself contributed his mite to a benevolent object; and this pleasure he may find so great, that he will never afterwards fail of casting his mites into the treasury of the Lord. The difference between making a donation of \$20, and receiving \$15 of it, in *Tracts*—and making a donation of \$20 unconditionally, and forming an Auxiliary Society which shall give a few dollars each year to the parent Society, to be a permanent fund—is immense. Should the number of *life members* be large, the interests of this Society would be greatly promoted by the adoption of the latter method.

It appears then, further, that the formation of an Auxiliary Society in every town or parish, is an object vastly important; and that that gentlemen, or that lady, who is instrumental in forming one, is promoting essentially the cause of Christ, and deserves the gratitude of every friend of Zion.

H.

From the [Carlisle] Relig. Miscellany.

THE EXAMINATION.

My horse was somewhat weary, and overtaking a small boy with a book in his hand, I indulged in a gait, with which the lad kept pace, and inquired what book he was reading. "It is the Mother's Catechism," said the boy. "This is examination day, and we are all going to the school-house to answer our questions to the Minister." As we proceeded, "Yonder is the School-house," continued he, "and there is the minister and Mr. S—the elder of this district, just coming." I observed his bosom to heave a little, and he drew in his breath somewhat further than usual, as he gave me this last piece of information.

Several roads converged to the point where the School-house was situated, and family groups consisting of all the intermediate grades from stooping age to toddling infancy, were seen advancing in every direction. I was about to make further enquiry as to the business of the day, of the little fellow who was still by my side, but taking notice that he was busily engaged conning over, with rapid humming lips, some knotty question, now taking a quick glance at his book, and now holding it behind his back, to prove his memory. I only asked if strangers would be admitted? O yes, sir, all may come. I tied my bridle to a sapling in the adjoining woods, and confess that I felt a good deal of that awkwardness which the idea of intrusion is apt to give, but on advancing towards the

house I was met by the reverend gentleman who had charge of this flock, and his urbane reception placed me perfectly at ease. The little dome was full to overflowing, but a comfortable seat was provided for me.

The exercises commenced by singing one of the Psalms of David in a versification not indeed the most poetical, but one to which, as I was afterwards informed, many pious people in that congregation are so much attached, from habit perhaps, or early sympathy, that they could not fervently join in that act of worship in any other version. They sang,

"Ye children hither do you come,
And unto me give ear,
I will you teach to understand,
How ye the Lord should fear."

A most solemn and appropriate prayer was then offered, at the conclusion of which about forty little boys and girls formed a semicircle around their Pastor. The sight was truly an interesting one. Every one admires this honest undisguised part of the human family. The eyes of the children were fixed intent on the Catechist. It was a moment of painful suspense. Every breast appeared to be throbbing. They had been preparing for weeks, for this great day of examination. Their parents were present to witness their performance. They also saw the anxious countenance of a much beloved man, who sat near the Catechist, and who felt his fame as a faithful school-master, intimately blended with the manner in which they acquitted themselves this day. In their first essays to reply, their utterance was somewhat choaked; but they soon became more composed and felt a confidence in their retentive memories.

On the seat in the rear of the little respondents sat a number of ladies. It did not require the penetration of Lavater to discover that they were the mothers of the children. Nay—I even amused myself by selecting the mother of each particular child by watching the emotions of the maternal features, as the little catechumen answered adroitly or otherwise. When those little manuals were disposed of, the reverend Catechist conversed with the children in an easy and familiar way, and pointed out their duties in a manner well adapted to secure their love and confidence.

"His eyes were meek and gentle, and a smile,
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness dignity and love."

They gradually drew nearer to him, as he talked to them, and seemed to view him as their best friend. A chubby little fellow had advanced so far as to place his hand

on the speaker's knees, and presented a countenance so intent and void of guile that it was well worthy the pencil of an artist.

The scene now changed, and a mixed multitude took their seats in front of their worthy pastor for examination. They were of different ages, but the female sex preponderated in the ranks at least two to one. Those who love Zion, rest their hopes for posterity on our pious and virtuous females.—Some sat down to be catechised, whose heads were "silvered o'er" with age. Socrates thought that no time should be lost, and employed the last moments of his life in philosophical disquisitions; but the humble and teachable disposition of these aged learners, brought to my mind a reply which a far greater than Socrates gave to the question put to him by his disciples.—"Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" Mat. xviii. 1.

Some Bible questions, which I deemed pretty difficult, were answered by the Class. After which the Catechist gave a full and satisfactory solution to each. The countenance of a middle aged man in this group occupied my attention, for whether I will or not, I find that I am something of a physiognomist. He had a Bible in his hand, and I never saw contentment and resignation more plainly depicted on the human face. The question came in rotation to him, and he was asked to prove that there was a God without the aid of revelation. He quoted a verse from Scripture which was very pertinent. "Very well," said the minister, "but can you prove the existence of the Deity from reason and the light of nature?" He again in a firm tone of voice, which indicated the assurance doubly sure which he placed on the sacred volume, and which he grasped harder in the act of giving emphasis, quoted another most applicable text from the holy Scriptures, "Well Mr. —, suppose you were to meet with some one who did not believe the Bible, could you not convince him in any other way, that there is a God?" "That did not believe in the Bible! Why, Sir, I would hold no conversation with him at all, at all!"

"Just knows, and knows no more, his Bible true—
And in that Charter reads with sparkling eyes,
His title to a treasure in the skies,
Oh, happy peasant!"

After prayer this little congregation was dismissed; and when I stopped in Shippenburg to refresh myself and horse, I attempted to describe this District Examination for the "Religious Miscellany."

A WAYFARING MAN.

NEW-HAVEN, MARCH 1.

MEMOIR OF BACON.

A friend has lately put into our hands a "Memoir of the Life and Character of the Rev. SAMUEL BACON, A. M. by J. Ashmun." Of this work we shall give a brief notice, accompanied with extracts; and in so doing shall consider ourselves as paying a tribute of respect to the memory of an excellent man, and as performing an act of justice to those of our readers who are not already acquainted with his virtues. Had Bacon died and the Memoir of him been published fifty years since, the work would have needed no introduction to public notice,—its merits would have been acknowledged from one end of the land to the other. A work published at that period, may be compared to a gentleman in the country where travellers are few, and the inhabitants happy in being permitted to pay him all due attention, while a work published in our own day, is like the same person in a city where while walking the crowded streets, no civilities are paid him, and where unless some friendly hand conduct him to the social circle, he will have reason to exclaim with the great poet of our age,

"This, this is solitude."

In the southern and middle States, the work has probably had a greater circulation than in the northern. In some respects it is particularly calculated for the States south and west of New-England, as it professes in some of its chapters, to give some account of our character and institutions. This account, is the portion of the work however, which is the most defective, for it states that as applicable to New-England, which was true of only a part of it, and which we believe is not now entirely correct with respect to that part of it, where the civil regulations mentioned, did once prevail.

The work is well written and with an excellent spirit. Mr. Ashmun in writing it, derived some aid from a "sketch of the principal events of his life," which Mr. Bacon had left. It has been intimated to us, that the profits arising from its sale are to be devoted to the purpose of educating the son,—the only child of Mr. Bacon. Generally speaking, we think that a man should be guided in his purchases by the value of the articles which are presented. He should ever acknowledge the claims of charity, and meet them with an open and liberal hand. When however, independently of all other considerations, a publica-

tion deserves patronage from its own merits, it should receive it; and it can surely be no objection in the mind of the purchaser, that while he has suffered no loss, a deserving object has been materially benefitted.

The child of such a parent can never appeal in vain to a well informed and liberal christian community. The course of his father was one of beneficence. He was particularly the friend and patron of children. The example of such a parent, is better than ample possessions; and the prayers which he offered up for this child, will, we trust, procure for him blessings better than any earthly inheritance.

SAMUEL BACON, was born in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, July 22, 1781. He was the youngest of nine children; his parents were worthy persons, and in humble life. They were both members of a Baptist church. Concerning his mother, Mr. Bacon wrote, "for the time in which she lived she exhibited uncommon evidence of a truly pious character."—"Her last words were a charge to her husband, respecting her young children. For myself in particular, she had great solicitude. She often wished Samuel might be like Samuel of old."

The father of Mr. Bacon is still living, and continues "to occupy the same farm, surrounded with the scenery of his youthful days, from which he seems never to have been many weeks absent." "It is there" writes his son,

"It is there, he has laboured nearly sixty years at the plough, the scythe, the axe and the flail. It is there, his nine children were born. The spot is rendered sacred by the death of three children and a wife. There, often, very often, has the morning sun found him upon the hills before him, and the evening star has a thousand times lighted him at his labours. It is that spot which has been moistened by his sweat and his tears: there, have the wild and rugged rocks echoed the expressions of his grief, and his mirth. It is that soil, which, for many years sustained the firmness of his youthful tread, and now feels the tottering footsteps of his age."

"He possessed," according to his son's relation "a good education; a strong and masculine understanding, equal to all the affairs of life; sound reasoning powers; fertility of invention; a good judgment, and an enterprising, intrepid character; but no gentleness. Suffice it to say, that to this day, while I feel the love a son should feel, I almost tremble in his sight. But blessed be God, and I record it with gratitude, the scene is now changed. The religion of Jesus Christ has imparted its meekness to that rigid bosom, and the sun-set of his life is almost without its clouds. It is serene, and mild, and peaceful, as the closing eve."

Young Bacon enjoyed the advantages of instruction afforded in a common district school. His father destined him for his own employment,—that of a farmer.

“The death of his mother, before he had completed his tenth year, left him entirely dependent on the religious instruction and superintendence of his father, who, except affording him an opportunity of frequenting public worship, in a great measure neglected it. Being, by the ecclesiastical system of that denomination, denied any visible connexion with their church, the kind and degree of religious tuition which he received from an occasional attendance on its public services, may be named any thing else with more propriety, than a regular religious education.”

“The impressions which his mind had received from the affectionate solicitude for his spiritual welfare manifested by his mother during her protracted illness, contributed greatly to heighten the constitutional tenderness of his feelings, and quicken the operations of conscience; and in their general effects, had a lasting influence on his character. But, to her prayers in his behalf, he afterwards attributed a more important agency, in his salvation.”

His early life was that of hardship, aggravated by domestic evils. Omitting what is related of his more youthful days, we will only state that “in his eighteenth and nineteenth years, he accounted himself happy in being able to obtain by earnest entreaty, the pitiful privilege of exiling himself from his father’s roof and labouring for a neighbouring farmer.” His wages for these services, were appropriated for the payment of a substitute at home. He was anxious for opportunities of mental improvement, but in vain looked to parental kindness for the privilege of enjoying them. It was not the want of property which prevented his father from indulging him, but he thought the desire of his son an unreasonable one, and the conduct of the parent, probably resulted from error in judgment, and not from mere hardness of heart. His subsequent conduct however, to his son in college, was extremely unkind, and his absolute refusal to aid him at that period, was for the son a trial of no ordinary magnitude.

“Bacon had attained his twentieth year before it was decided in what way he was to be disposed of. “But, at this time” he relates, “a person of imposing impudence and great loquacity came into the neighbourhood, who professed to be a physician. It happened to be a sickly season, and he was soon called into business. Very many people died, and the doctor’s coffers were filling fast. This latter circumstance attracted my father’s atten-

tion, and he thought his son might as well learn the trade too, as it proved so lucrative. The doctor indeed, was soon out of vogue. But while his high credit lasted the bargain was made by my father, and the plan communicated to me for my concurrence. Destitute as I was of learning, and even of a knowledge of what it imported, I still knew, and ventured to say, that my education was not sufficient for the business. My father thought more education useless. I was too sensible of my deficiency in this point to be convinced, and it was finally agreed I should go to live eight weeks, with the pastor of the Baptist church of Sturbridge, to learn English grammar. The charge for board and tuition was one dollar and twenty five cents per week. This was thought too extravagant, and my father proceeded to Leicester academy, sixteen miles distant, to ascertain whether a cheaper accommodation could not be procured. He found that tuition there was one dollar per quarter, and board could be had for one dollar a week, so that in eight weeks, one dollar would be saved by sending me to that school. It was accordingly determined that I should go to Leicester.”

“In pursuance of the singular project which his father had formed in concert with the doctor, Samuel was conducted away to Leicester on the first of April, 1801, and entered in the English department of the grammar school in that town. Some idea of the economy observed in providing this course of instruction, has been afforded by the caution which his father had previously bestowed on that point. The same prudence was evinced in carrying the plan into effect. His father accompanied him on horseback, carrying provisions to subsist himself and the horses, until his return; saw him provided with two or three elementary books and a boarding place; paid the four shillings demanded for his tuition; and, on parting, impressed by a fresh repetition, some prudential maxims on the necessity of habitual economy. To enforce this lesson by a practical comment, he presented his son with twenty-five cents, which he informed him, was to meet the incidental expenses of the term. Samuel had gained his main point, and easily overcame the chagrin occasioned by this very restricted allowance for purposes which he knew were of only secondary importance.”

The application of Bacon was intense; he employed a great part of his nights in study. It is stated that in three days he committed to memory the principles of English grammar, and that his advancement in other studies was equally rapid. At the expiration of eight weeks he returned to the work of the farm; but in September, he was permitted to spend another term of eight weeks at the Academy, but with respect to any thing like a liberal education his father was averse,

and forbade his son "under penalty of his severe displeasure, to indulge so wild and irrational an imagination." He taught during the winter the common school of his native district, his father receiving the wages, who 'finding that his son's learning was likely to prove a source of immediate emolument,' consented to his spending two months more at the Academy. Here the young man commenced the study of Latin, and made great proficiency. He laboured during the summer upon his father's farm, and arrived at, to him, the long desired age of twenty-one years. When the labours of summer were over, he conversed with his father upon the subject of obtaining an education, and "was required either to renounce the design, or no longer to look to the paternal roof for a home." He determined to obtain an education if possible, and in September 1802, 'became an exile from the scene of his childhood.' He however, for one or two subsequent summers, assisted his father in securing the harvest, and the compensation he received for this service, united with that obtained by keeping school in the winter season, enabled him to reside awhile at the academy. At length, in the autumn of 1804, he was admitted into Harvard College.

"The practice of the most rigid economy was from his early habits, no self-denial. He had travelled on foot with his bundle, from his native town to Cambridge; and had restricted his personal wants almost to the simple demands of nature. But below this point, it was in vain to think of reducing them. A comparatively expensive and constant residence at the first literary institution on the continent, for four years, the short winter vacations alone excepted, was to be provided for, or his long cherished intention, and the prospect to which it opened be absolutely abandoned. He acknowledges himself especially indebted to the kindness of Moses White, Esq of Rutland, "whose friendship," he says, "he experienced in many times of difficulty in prosecuting his studies." But the nature and extent of this obligation is not precisely explained. This gentleman appears to have been his only efficient patron in this interesting struggle for intellectual advancement. To him he had only been known in the character of a laborious and faithful instructor; and probably his obscurity more than his want of merit, had restricted him to the friendship of a single individual, from whom any important assistance or encouragement could be obtained.

Soon after his entrance in college, the pressure of his poverty overcame the reluctance of pride, and he applied for the birth of "Holden Freshman," which is a partially endowed scholarship in the university. The services which the incumbent is expected to render as

the condition of enjoying its privileges, are equally laborious and humiliating. His business is to ring the bell for all the exercises of college,—a duty which occurs more than twelve times in the day; and to kindle and attend all the fires in the different recitation rooms. He is uniformly occupied in these attentions, while the students are at table; and all the perquisite connected with the place, is the scanty pittance which happens to escape the voracity of the hungry multitude.

Having secured this situation, the reflection that it was the only condition on which he could enjoy the advantages of a public education, reconciled him to its servile duties. His uniform good sense, and a prospective view of consequences, commonly prevailed over the suggestions of pride and the pressure of present inconveniences, in most of the engagements of his life. In the cheerful attention which he gave to his humble duties, in the presence of several hundreds of his equals, and for their accommodation, this trait of his character shone with a very amiable lustre.

By means of school-keeping in winter, and the discharge of a servitorship at college in summer, he was enabled to defray his academical expenses; his standing as a scholar was respectable, and he passed the examination for the first degree with reputation; his health however, by such exertion, was impaired. Sickness prevented his attendance at the commencement, when his classmates received their degrees.

He was entirely sensible of the dangerous character of the disorder, and of its almost certain termination in his dissolution. For several months he expected the event with confidence; but appears to have contemplated it with composure, and even indifference. The tremendous prospect scarcely extorted a single cry for mercy, or excited a thought for the fate of his soul. This alarming destitution of feeling in an accountable and rational being, can easier be accounted for, than vindicated. His life had been uniformly, and in an uncommon degree, upright, admitting the correctness of the standard of duty which he had adopted; He cheerfully recognized his obligations towards his fellow creatures, as far as their present convenience was concerned; and it was his pleasure to fulfil them; but this was the limit of his benevolence, and of his most extended notion even of religious duty. His vast obligations to God, and the Saviour,—obligations enforced by all the goodness concerned in his creation, and preservation, and all the grace displayed in his redemption, and which are comprehended in the summary injunctions of both departments of revelation, 'to love the Lord, with all the soul, the mind, and the strength,'—these obligations, even in the confident anticipation of an early call into the presence of his Creator, were wholly unfelt."

(To be continued.)

For the Religious Intelligencer.

INFIDELITY IN CHRISTIANS.

"Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, &c., I will not believe."

(Continued from page 557.)

The infidelity of Thomas had caused him to lay by his pen, doubting, whether his former statements would be believed, or read: but accidentally overhearing a good old man say that he hoped he would write again, has encouraged him to resume the subject.

In my last, I stated a few facts which have tended to convince me, that our western Indians are made of flesh and blood, and have intellect and feeling like white folks, and are capable of being raised to almost any degree of improvement in religion and science, and may be made to enjoy all the blessings of life that we do, if the plans adopted by our missionaries, of Christianizing and civilizing them at the same time, are persevered in.

For the purpose of shewing that other heathen nations and tribes are capable of similar improvement; and in order to remove, as far as possible, the veil of unbelief from the eyes of other infidels, particularly those who are indifferent, or opposed to missions, I proposed to state some things respecting the natives of the Sandwich Islands. It will not be expected, since my creed will admit nothing without evidence, that I should copy from voyages and journals a history of the country, and its inhabitants, whom I have never seen, but merely to state a few facts, which have come under my own observation, respecting some of the natives of those Islands, who have been in this country, as *evidence of things not seen*.

Before, however, I introduce to my readers the Sandwich Islanders, I would remark, that when the missionaries, who have gone to those Islands, were in New-Haven, I became acquainted with Stephen Popohe, one of the natives of the South Sea Islands; and I confess that I have read the narrative you lately published respecting him, and the late accounts from the South Sea Islands, with much additional interest, from the simple fact, that I have seen this Otaheitan. Although my acquaintance with him was short, and I have nothing very remarkable to relate, yet I have seen him, and conversed with him, and asked him many questions about himself and his country, which he answered like an intelligent, well informed man, and what was still more gratifying, I heard him read in an English Bible, in the Otahei-

tan language. Popohe is quite an interesting, good looking man. His stature is above the common size, and uncommonly well proportioned. His countenance is intelligent and sprightly, and his manners easy and graceful; and what seemed to add a polish to his character, he exhibited good evidence that he was a Christian. It will be recollected, that he forms one of the mission family, who are now on their way to the Sandwich Islands, and he will no doubt be of great service to the mission; for although mysterious to us, it is a fact that the inhabitants of these islands, who have never, to our knowledge, had any means of intercourse, till within a few years, speak nearly the same language.

The mission to the Sandwich Islands, has excited in this country a greater degree of interest than any other in which we are engaged; and it is owing, no doubt, to the fact that we have seen and are acquainted with several of the natives. This, I apprehend, goes to prove my doctrine, that there is but little faith in the world, without ocular demonstration.

The infidelity of any man has a right to require, in all cases, the best evidence that the nature of the case will allow; and when we are not permitted to see for ourselves, it will strengthen our faith very much if we are acquainted with the person who relates a fact, provided we have reason to believe he is a man of truth. And if he can locate his story, or if we are acquainted with the place where it happened, or with the parties concerned, a great object is gained.

When I heard the Rev. Mr. Ward describe some of the horrid scenes he had witnessed among the heathen in India, I shuddered at the recital ten times as much as I did when I read the same accounts written by somebody whom I never saw. I remember hearing my father give an account of a skirmish he was in during the revolutionary war; and although it was not much of a battle, the particulars were deeply impressed on my mind, and I have even pictured to myself the very scene of action, and have actually felt more for a little dog that was shot through the heart close by him, and for a friendly Indian who had his leg broke, than ever I did in reading the sublime description of the battle of Waterloo; and all because my father was there and saw it.

The readers of the Religious Intelligencer have seen considerable that has been published about the Owhyhean youths, as they are called, and many have doubtless read the memoirs of Henry Obookiah,

who died at the Cornwall school a few years since, just as he had nearly completed his education. But I suspect that those who never saw him, or any of his countrymen, have read his history, and the accounts that have been published with the same kind of interest that they have read the story of Robinson Crusoe, or Prince Leboo, who lived some where, or heard their mothers tell that once there was a man, who lived down country, or over the water.

Although I am slow of heart to believe, yet because I have seen I have believed. Being personally acquainted with Obookiah, and several of his countrymen who have been educated at the Cornwall school, I can readily believe almost any thing that has been said about their proficiency in learning, the amiableness of their dispositions, and the piety of several of them.

When I read the history of Obookiah, I can remember how forlorn and stupid he used to look when sauntering about the college;—but even then it seems he had a *soul* that was capable of being raised into *being*; and although every one passed him by, as we do a thousand forbidding objects in the streets and corners, who have souls also, without ever asking the cause of their sadness, yet even then he had a mind that could think, and no doubt his dejection was caused by reflections similar to those that depressed him when his parents were murdered before his eyes. "I was with them," he says; "I saw them killed with a bayonet—and with them my little brother, not more than two or three months old—so that I was left alone without father and mother in this wilderness world. Poor boy, thought I within myself, after they were gone, are there any father or mother of mine at home, that I may go and find them at home? No; poor boy am I. And while I was at play with other children—after we had made an end of playing they returned to their parents—but I was returned into tears;—for I have no home, neither father nor mother."

When the good Samaritan, prompted by Christian benevolence, said to him, Obookiah, do you wish to learn? his countenance began to brighten; and in him I can almost see a whole nation animated with this first ray of hope that ever dawned upon their benighted land; and this dawn of light shall soon brighten into day; for when those who have gone to proclaim to his countrymen the "tidings of great joy which shall be to all people," shall explain to them the character of the true God, and the folly of idol worship; they will also awake to newness of life, and say, as Obookiah

said, "Owhyhee gods! they *wood*, *burn*; Me go home, put 'em in a fire, burn 'em in a fire, burn 'em up. They no see, no hear, no *any thing*"—then added, "*We make them—Our God*, (looking up) *He make us.*"

If we follow this heathen youth in the path of knowledge, and in his progress towards heaven, we shall see the utility of religious instruction. At a time of life when most young men have finished their education, he first began to discover that he had a soul. His generous mind, which had hitherto been buried in heathen superstition and ignorance, began to burst its chains, and at the age of eighteen years, like an infant in knowledge, just brought from a dungeon to look round upon the world, he wrote the following letter.

"Torrington, March 2, 1810.

"Mr. E. D. Sir,

"I here now—this place, Torrington—I glad see you, very much. I laugh Tom Hoboo—he say—"Obooki write me that?" Me no write." I want you tell Tom Mr. S. Mills say if we be good boys we shall have friends. One morning you know I come into your room in College, and you tell me—*read—you say, what c. a. p. spell? then I say c. a. p. pig.* I spell four syllables now, and I say what is the chief end of man. I like you much. I like your brother, and your friend Mr. Dean. I wear this great coat you gave me to meeting every Sunday. I wish you would write me a letter and tell me what Tom do. This from

HENRY OBOOKI."

In a few years, this same heathen youth stands before us, an enlightened Christian. The power of that gospel, which can bring life and immortality to light, had touched his heart. Ignorance and superstition was banished from his mind by the light of truth; and he appeared as one redeemed from that cruel bondage in which millions of the heathen, and all who are ignorant of God, may be found. He has himself become a preacher of righteousness, recommending to others the way of life and salvation which he had found; and as his labours and conversation were evidently blessed to the salvation of some souls, I will copy another of his letters, hoping, that when Christians see the improvement he has made, they will be more engaged to send the gospel to the heathen; and hoping, also, that infidels who are opposed to missions, and those who have never done any thing to enlighten them, may be brought to repentance by this heathen convert.

"TO MR. E. W. OF TORRINGFORD.

"August 5, 1816.

"My dear Friend,

"I hope you will not think it strange that such an one as I should write to you; for I am full of concern for the souls of others. O that the Lord would direct you in the right path. May the Lord teach me what I ought to write this day. I have heard that your sickness is still continuing. But, O, how is it with you now? Look now, my dear Elijah, and see whether you are prepared or unprepared, or whether you are fit to die or unfit—whether you are the Lords or not. O my friend, consider how many are there who have been wheeled down to endless torments, in the chariots of earthly pleasures; while others have been whipped to heaven by the rod of affliction. O how good had it been for some of them if they had never known the way of life by the crucified Saviour. We have great reason to tremble when the Holy Scripture teaches us that few shall be saved. Much more when it tells us, that of that rank of which we are, but few shall be saved: for it is written, "Many are called, but few chosen." I often think of you, my dear friend Elijah, since I heard of your sickness. You perhaps sometimes think about dying—and what must be your end—and how you have misimproved your best opportunities, &c. O what a dreadful thing it is to die in a sinful state! My friend, how do you expect to find joy and peace in heaven if you should die in your sin? How have you neglected the free offer of salvation, which is offered to you "without money and without price!" Haste, O my poor friend, and get up out of your sleep of sin and death, and the Lord Jesus Christ will give you life, comfort, health and strength—For there is none but Christ can do a helpless sinner good. Now, therefore, my friend, haste to look to Christ with faith, and ask for mercy and forgiveness of your sin. I feel for you, my dear friend, for the worth of your poor and never dying soul. O don't refuse this lovely and welcome Saviour any longer:—the more you reject him, the more you grow worse; the more you hate him, the greater will be your condemnation. O poor Elijah, choose the meek and lowly Jesus for your everlasting portion. Consider the danger in which you now live, upon the brink of everlasting woe. Your sickness, I fear, will take you away from the world into a silent and solemn grave. O Elijah, Elijah W. where are you? Are you willing to die now? In time of sickness we ought to keep our hearts right towards

God, in order to be cheerfully willing to die. For "death is harmless to the people of God."—The righteous hath hope in his death, but the wicked is driven away in his wickedness." Follow not, my dear friend, after the example of mankind, but after Christ's—make no kind of excuse, turn unto God and live. Be not offended because I have taken this opportunity to write to you in such a manner. Let all be taken into serious consideration. It cannot hurt you my earthly friend. And it may keep your heart from shrinking back to consider that death is necessary to fit you for the full enjoyment of God. Whether you are willing to die or not, there certainly is no other way to complete the happiness of your soul. The happiness of the eternal world of heaven commences immediately after death. Now can you, my dear Elijah, say, "I will arise and go to my Father and say, Father I have sinned," &c. O why are you so unwilling to accept the free offer of mercy? And why will you still shut Christ out of the door of your heart; when he still is knocking, and saying, open to me my sister, my love," &c. O poor friend of mine! I do not speak of your being poor in body, but your soul is poor: wanting of the bread of life. This is why I need to speak of your being poor:—for without the love of God in the heart of a man, that man is poor.

"If you are a friend of Christ, be not afraid of death and eternity; for death cannot hurt you, nor your soul. Why then are you afraid that your sickness is unto death? If you were to die in sin—if death were to reign over you "as a tyrant—to feed upon you as a lion doth upon his prey"—if death were to you to be the prison of hell, then you might reasonably startle and shrink back from it, with horror and dismay. But if your sin has been blotted out of the book of God's remembrance; or if the Saviour hath begun his good work in you, why should you be afraid of being taken away from the world? and why not bid welcome to the king of terrors? My dear Elijah, our lives are short, and they like the smoke of the fire are hastening away.

"Well, if our days must fly,

"We'll keep their end in sight." &c.

"Remember, my dear Elijah, that I am not the teacher of the heart, nor the judge of it. The Lord Jesus is your teacher—He can make you feel. He can make the blind to see—and the lame to walk—and the sick to be healed—and above all, He can make you and I happy or miserable in

eternity. All what I have said to you, my friend, will be remembered in the day of God's wrath. You and I shall both render our account to that God who hath made us, at the Day of Judgment, for what deeds we have done in the body. Whether we have done every thing right in the sight of Jehovah, or whether we have not. May the Lord God of Hosts bless you. May Jesus make you faithful unto death, and that you may have at last the crown of life in the eternal world of glory.

"You, O parents of Elijah, you have the means of doing good to your own souls—to improve your time in the service of God. Where then shall you be after the returning of your bodies to the dust—when your bodies shall become food for the worms of the earth?"

"Brothers and sisters of the sick man—Your days will soon be over; and the road upon which you are all riding towards eternity soon will be ended. Remember, O my friends, that the eyes of the Lord are upon you all, beholding the evil and the good. Your souls are worth a thousand and a million times more than such a world as this. Be careful lest they be lost in the snares and temptations of Satan: for they are many and ready to carry away your souls into darkness and despair. O that the Lord would smile upon you in pity and compassion, and save you from eternal death. Look up now, my friends, to Christ—which is your life."

HENRY OBOOKIAH."

I might have selected other letters and facts, that discover a greater degree of intelligence; but this is sufficient to show with what progress the mind of a heathen can be enlarged when under the influence of religious principle. There is much instruction to be drawn from the character of Obookiah, and I hope, Mr. Editor, you will give to your readers a further sketch of his life in your paper, as it circulates among thousands who never saw him or read his memoirs.

THOMAS.

DEATH OF REV. ASA BLAIR.

Sherman, Feb. 15, 1823.

MR. WHITING,—In a late number of the *Religious Intelligencer*, you noticed the death of Rev. ASA BLAIR, of Kent. I would now inform you that an appropriate discourse from Daniel xii. 13, was on the 4th of this month, preached in that place by Rev. D. L. Perry of Sharon, to a numerous and solemn assembly. The interesting letter which conveyed the painful intelligence was read; and also an address made to his people by Mr. Blair, previous to his journey. In this he indulged the impressive thought, that they might see him no more, until they should meet before the Judge of the world.

By request from friends, I send you an extract from the letter. And believing it to be an excellent comment on the following passages—"To entertain strangers;—pouring in oil and wine;—the son of consolation." It is submitted for publication.

Your's respectfully,
M. GELSTON.

Georgetown, S. C. January 14, 1823.

DR. JOHN RAYMOND—

DEAR SIR,—Years have elapsed, since I enjoyed the pleasure of your acquaintance and society; years, that have produced many important events; many well calculated to impress upon our minds, the most useful moral truths. But of these, none perhaps, has been more frequently and more forcibly inculcated upon us, than that of the uncertainty of all temporal enjoyments. A day scarcely passes, without calling us to realize this truth. Sorrows and woes rapidly succeed our joys and pleasures. These reflections are brought to my mind, by the painful duty which providence has imposed upon me. A few days ago, I was much gratified in being introduced to the Rev. Asa Blair; who upon enquiry, I found to be the successor of my respected preceptor, Mr. Bordwell. I gave him a hearty welcome to my house, and pressed him to consent to stay with me, until he should find it convenient to pursue his journey. In the midst of the pleasure I then felt, how little did I anticipate the pain and grief with which I now inform you, that he is no more. On Sunday night last, between the hours of one and two, after 19 days of a typhus fever, he closed his valuable life. But let us restrain our tears and give thanks to God, who has given us a hope beyond the grave. Great, I am sensible, is the loss to his family, and the flock of his charge. But, how infinitely great is his gain! Every thing the world affords is far short of the blessedness of being with Christ. The continuation of his life, might have been profitable to his bereaved wife, and fatherless child, and to the church militant; but God in his wisdom, has seen best to bestow a richer blessing upon him. God's language to us is, and no command can be more reasonable; "Be still, and know that I am God." Ours will then be; "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The veil that separates us from our departed friends who died in the Lord, will soon be torn asunder. Soon, if we are heirs of that glory, shall we again be admitted to their society. How transcendent then will the joy of meeting friends, and how excellent that friendship, that will be without alloy, without interruption, and without end?

Your worthy friend arrived in this place, on the Thursday preceding Christmas. And, being prevented, by the sickness of his horse, from pursuing his journey, he the next day, called on our preacher of the Baptist denomination, as there is no Presbyterian society in town, and was by him introduced to me. He had no suspicion that he had met with one from that section of the country, until I informed him I had once lived in Kent. He seemed much pleased to hear it, and accepted of my invitation to remove his lodging from a public house to mine. I rode out with him on the Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday following, and visited several of the neighbouring plantations. Many were the inquiries I made of him, relative to my former acquaintance in Kent and the adjacent towns. From his answers, I received the mingled emotions of joy and sorrow;

for time, since I last heard from my friends there, has with its usual effects, made both pleasing and melancholy changes among them. Some have risen into importance; have been successful in the management of their affairs, and are useful members both of the civil and religious community. Others, from whom I hoped different things, have performed an opposite part. Some, whom I thought were still alive, I was grieved to hear were numbered with the dead. Among these, was my worthy friend, B. Slosson, Esq. His memory I shall ever respect. Subjects of this kind, the narrative of his journey hither, and also the great things of Christ's kingdom, afforded us much agreeable conversation, and rendered our first acquaintance highly gratifying. His health, he thought, was considerably improved by travelling; so much so, that on the first Sunday, he consented to preach for us in the morning; but found, that it exhausted him, more than he had anticipated. His text was, Rom. ii. 6. "Who will render to every man according to his deeds." He spoke with considerable animation, and manifested that sincerity and faithfulness, which might have accompanied a consciousness of its being the last discourse he should ever deliver to his fellow mortals. The subject was treated in an unusual manner, and with a clearness, that brought conviction home to every mind. All were struck with admiration, not so much with the preacher and his solemn manner, as with the solemn and important truths he delivered. The language of all seemed to be, that they never heard such a sermon; not that they never heard so great and elegant a preacher. On Tuesday evening following, at a prayer meeting at my house, he addressed a few christian friends, (for the weather was inclement) on the duty and efficacy of prayer; and followed his remarks with his own last public prayer. His friends were gratified, but he was considerably exhausted. The next day being Christmas, he attended our place of worship, and heard one of his Presbyterian brethren, a Mr. Davis who was accidentally with us from North-Carolina. After service he and my family dined with my son-in-law, Dr. Denison; who is from Goshen, in your county. He enjoyed the conversation with the Doctor much; and on returning to my house, which was only a few yards distant, remarked to Mr. Davis, who had spent the evening with us, that he had had a very pleasant visit. Before he left Dr. Denison's, he began to complain of being affected by a chill. The weather had been for some days previous, unusually warm for the season, even in this climate; and had suddenly become cool and damp. He hoped, therefore, at first that he was suffering only a temporary indisposition from a cold. But the fever that succeeded the chill, never left him. For several days he was able to sit a part of the time with the family, and preferred doing so, although he had a fire in the room he occupied; but he never went out of the house. Dr. Denison, who is eminent in his profession, and who became strongly attached to him, prescribed for him immediately on his complaining of indisposition; and never, I am confident, paid a more assiduous and affectionate attention to any patient. From the shattered state of his constitution, we had some fears for the issue, when we found his fever had become fixed; but, as no symptom indicated danger, except the thick coat on his tongue, we flattered ourselves much, that he would do well. Our hopes were considerably strengthened, on the two or three days preceding his

death; but, on the afternoon of the preceding day, his fever had risen higher, than it had done for some time previous. It however declined in the evening. In the morning the Doctor was struck with pain at the awful change he discovered in him. His countenance and pulse were sunk. Diffusible stimulus was resorted to, but with little effect. His mind was considerably confused at intervals through the day; but for most of the time, he was capable of giving a rational answer, to any question that was proposed to him. The most reflection that he discovered in any instance on that day, was in remarking to me, that he had never shewn me the letter he had received from his wife; and that there were some particulars in it that would interest me. He then called for his pocket-book, looked for the letter and gave it to me to read. I said to him in the course of the day, that it was uncertain how his sickness would terminate; but that I concluded that his worldly affairs were settled before he left home; and that he had long since placed his confidence on a surer foundation than this world afforded. To both which remarks he assented. Shortly after when the Doctor was feeling his pulse, he said to him, "You have little prospect now, of my recovery." The Doctor leaving the room without any reply, he said to me with a smile, "The Doctor is afraid to give his opinion." I said to him, "He has avoided it, but I hope you have no fear of dying." To this, he simply assented. Shortly after, his mind became incapable of any connected thought; and 6 or 7 hours succeeding closed the distressing scene.

Though he died among strangers, yet he died in the midst of friends. Our christian friends often called on him, and our minister daily. Mrs. Waldo's solicitude, on occasions of this kind, is usually great; but I never knew it greater than on this. After his confinement to the room, I never left him at night, to retire to rest until about 12; and then in the care of a faithful nurse. He often said, "If I must be sick, it is providential that I am sick here." I mention these things for the consolation of his friends; particularly his afflicted and bereaved wife; knowing the feelings that are natural under such circumstances. Assure your daughter, his mourning and truly afflicted wife, that she possesses the liveliest sympathies of us all; but we are happy in learning from her most christian letter to him, that she has been taught the true source of her consolation.

For his respected congregation, I feel real sorrow. The loss of so worthy a man is truly great; I pray that God who is rich in mercy, will heal the breach, and shortly give them another as faithful a minister of his word.

His remains were interred in the Baptist burial ground, attended by five of the clerical brethren and a number of other christian friends; all of whom manifested deep regret.

May the God of all consolation, grant you all abundant support under this severe dispensation of his providence.

Yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

JOHN WALDO.

Dr. John Raymond, Kent.

SUMMARY.

The Treasurer of the United Foreign Missionary Society acknowledges the receipt of \$639, 57 in the month of January.

Sixty-two persons, eighteen of whom were students of the College in Carlisle, Penn. made a public profession of their faith, and were admitted as members of the Presbyterian church in Carlisle, on the 8th instant, and on the 9th the whole church, consisting of nearly five hundred members, partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

The Rev. Jeremiah Chamberlain, formerly of Bedford, Penn. has been chosen President of the Centre College, at Danville, Kentucky.

A volume has been published in Boston, entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Character of the Rev. John Elliot, Apostle of the North American Indians. By the Rev. M. Moore, pastor of the Church in Natick."

It is stated that there are in Alabama "ninety-eight Baptist churches, five associations, fifty-five ordained Baptist ministers, and eleven licentiates; ten Presbyterian ministers, eighteen Methodist ditto, in the circuits of this and the adjacent parts of other states; one Episcopalian, one Seceder, and one Roman Catholic."

The Legislature of Maryland has abolished those religious tests, which have hitherto been in force in that state.

The Treasurer of the Vermont Juvenile Missionary Society, received \$229, 64 from Nov. 9th, 1822, to Feb. 13th, 1823.

The Georgia Baptist Association embrace 37 churches, containing 2988 members. "140 have been added by baptism the last year, and 99 by letter. Dismissed 146, excommunicated 51, restored 16, dead 50. The Association resolved to appropriate its donations to the Columbian College, to the education of pious young men called by the Spirit of God and by the churches to the ministry."

Mr. Allen, the philanthropist, is at Verona, urging the cause of Africa with all his might. A strict Quaker in principle as well as in profession, he regularly appears before the Sovereigns with his hat on, and they as regularly admit him, in the character of a privileged friend.—*Lond. pap.*

Bell's (London) Weekly Messenger contains the following article, and "the facts stated are too singular and striking to be ascribed to mere chance or accident."

"At the last meeting of the Sheffield Public Society, the following interesting facts were mentioned. Gibbon, who in his celebrated history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left an im-

perishable memorial of his enmity to the Gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a considerable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of its rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very Gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavoured to undermine, not having had courage openly to assail it. Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity, which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. At this day, the press which he employed at Ferney to print his blasphemies, is actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures. Thus the self same engine, which he set to work to destroy the credit of the Bible, is engaged in disseminating its truths. It is a remarkable circumstance, also, that the first provisional meeting for the re-formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society at Edinburgh was held in the very room in which Hume died.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

Extracts from BOSSUET.

Human life is like a road, of which the termination is a frightful precipice. We were warned of it at our first step; but the law is passed, and we must continue to advance; I would willingly retrace my steps; but onward; onward; an invincible weight, an irresistible power ever hurries us, and we are compelled to advance, without resting, towards the precipice. A thousand crosses, a thousand pains trouble us on the road. Yet could I but avoid that frightful precipice? No, no; I am forced to proceed, to run; such is the rapidity of one year rolling after another. We are consoled, however, because from time to time we meet objects that divert us, limpid streams, and flowers, that pass away. We are anxious to stop—Onward, onward! and yet we behold all that we have passed, falling behind us, in fearful desolation, inevitable ruin. Still we comfort ourselves, because we carry off some flowers, gathered as we pass, which we see wither between our hands, from morning to evening, and some fruits, which we lose while we taste them; enchantment! illusion all! Drawn on forever, we approach the frightful gulf; already, all around begins to be disfigured; gardens are less blooming, flowers less brilliant, their colours less lively, the meadows less smiling, the waters less clear; all is tarnished, all is effaced. The shade of death presents itself. We begin to feel the approach of the fatal gulf; but it is decreed that we must still advance. One step more: already horror agitates the senses, the head swims, the eyes are bewildered. We must yet advance, most eagerly do we desire to return; but it is not possible, all is fallen, all is vanished.

POETRY.

From the Boston Recorder.

THE ORPHAN'S PLAINT.

Oh hast thou not seen, when time was thine,
 And the blossoms of childhood bloom'd for thee,
 The tear of joy on the eye-lid shine
 Of a mother that love'd thee tenderly?
 If thou hast—then think not that joy is mine—
 For *my* mother's eye-lid has ceas'd to shine.

And hast thou not mark'd thy parent's breast,
 To throb at the pressure thy head has giv'n,—
 While she pray'd that thy slumbers might give
 thee rest,
 And if death were near—thou might wake in
 Heav'n?

Then think not my joy is as thine complete—
 For *my* mother's bosom has ceas'd to beat.

And hast thou not had, when thy heart was
 light,
 A father's precepts impress'd on thee,
 And mark'd how affection's eye grew bright,
 As he taught, and look'd, and smil'd on thee?
 Then think not my happiness equals thine—
 For *my* father sleeps when the moon-beams shine.

And hast thou not felt, when thou cam'st at
 ev'n,
 To bend in pray'r at thy sister's knee—
 How sweet was the kiss by a sister giv'n,
 As her lip on thy cheek press'd tenderly?—
 Then think not I have in thy footsteps trod,
 For *my* sister's spirit has sought its God.—

But yet though the orphan's heart can weep,
 He still has a consolation here—
 For the grave is the place where the mourners
 sleep,
 And the grave will dry the mourner's tear.—
 Then weep not—my spirit with God shall be—
 And my mother again will smile on me.

From the Connecticut Courant, Feb. 18.

By wills lately proved and recorded in the Probate Office in the district of Hebron, the following Legacies are given for the uses and purposes therein expressed, viz.

By Miss Betsey Pratt, late of Bolton, deceased, to the New Haven Education Society, a residuary legacy, amounting to the sum of about \$250, now due.

By David Hale, Esq late of Coventry, deceased, to the Connecticut Missionary Society, \$100, payable within two years after his decease—To the New Haven Education Society, \$100, payable within four years, and to the American Board of Commissioners \$100 payable within six years after his decease.

By the Hon Jesse Root, late of Coventry, deceased, to the Connecticut Bible Society, \$40—to the American Bible Society \$50—to the Foreign Mission Society \$50—all payable wit' a one year after his decease, with interest after six months

By Rev. Philander Parmelee, late of Bolton, deceased, to Cornwall School for the education of heathen youth, the principal part of his Library, appraised at more than \$300—One third of his real estate, which is to be sold, and the avails placed on interest, for the use of his widow, during her life; remainder to said Cornwall school, for the education of heathen youth for the Gospel ministry Real estate appraised at \$1700.

ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote was communicated for the Sabbath School Magazine by a Sabbath School Teacher who was a witness of the fact.

A FATHER having taken several of his children to see some amusements, where there was much cursing and swearing, and other wickedness, a little girl (about eight years old) who was a Sunday-scholar, said to him, 'Father, I am afraid you have made God angry.' 'Why so, child?' 'Because you have done like old Eli.' Who was Eli, then? She replied in the words of her catechism, 'He was a good old man, but God was angry with him for not keeping his children from wickedness.' 'But I am not a good old man.' Then, father, you are twice as bad as Eli was, if you are not good yourself, and lead your children into wickedness.'

ORDINATION.

On the 15th of January, the Rev RICHARD VARICK DAY, was Ordained pastor of the Congregational Society in Greenfield—Sermon by the Rev Dr Rowan, of New York.

OBITUARY

DIED near Natchez, Miss. Mr. WILLIAM KIMBALL. Mr. K. graduated at Yale College in 1813. He received his theological education at Andover. He was a man of inoffensive manners, of respectable talents, and of ardent piety.

Youth is of no long duration; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, whilst to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are sometimes to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

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